Greenwich Penſioner.

To which are added,

Lango Lee
The Soldiers Laſt Letter.
Youghal Harbour.
The Birks of Innermay.

LIMERICK: Printed by W. GOGGIN,
Corner of Bridge-Street.

The SOLDIER's laſt Letter.

DEAR Molly theſe lines I convey you,
At preſent near Meyen we lie,
The French are encamped here in thouſands,
The enemys camp it is nigh:
Surrounded and wounded and drowned,
In hedges and ditches we lye,
Where numbers of ſouls are expiring,
And them that were able did fly.
Three days and three nights we retreated,
Fatigued with hunger and cold,
What makes our condition the worſe,
Our lodgings are on the cold ground,
And if that the French does attack us
Before we freſh ſuccour receive
The Republican arrows ſelected,
Will ſend us all down to the grave.
Artillery men without cannon,
Dragoons juſt a few without horſe,
Dear Molly I'm going to tell you
What makes my condition the worſe,
The cries of the dying and wounded
While others do crawl on the ground,
Attended by wives and by children,
Whoſe cries make the air to reſound,

O pardon my deareſt creature,
For touching of that tender name,
You know twas againſt my inclination
For to augment your great pain.
Your image is locked in my boſom,
In battle your always in view,
When cloſing my laſt exiſtence,
Dear Molly I think upon you,
I wiſh the diſpoſer of all things,
Would bring this ſad war to an end,
Encampt in the arms of my Molly,
The tedious long hours to ſpend,
But hark! all the drums beat "to arms
Perhaps love 'tis my lot for to fall,
The great duke of York he commands us
And we muſt be ready at call.

LANGO LEE,

I'M an Iriſh young fellow 'tis very well known,
I am ſometimes as merry as merry can be;
And when that I meet with a girl of the town,
I play her a tune called Lango Lee,
Lango Lee! the tune is ſo pleaſing,
To maids, wives and widows 'tis always engaging,

I'm hearrily welcome wherever I be,
And all for the sake of my Lango Lee.
The skill of physicians could never prevail,
I'm sure it could never prevail with me
And these whom I cur'd with great pleasure and skill,
Did ever give praise to my Lango Lee
Lango Lee! there's not such another
It is good for the daughter as well as the Mother;
It cures all obstructions most wonderfully;
There's nothing compared to my Lango Lee.
By obscure directions those doctors got bread,
But brave jovial fellows by bending the knee,
To consumptive girls who cry they're just dead,
Unless that you cure them with Lango Lee.
Lango Lee! those doctors are devils,
Pretending to cure us of incident evils;
We'll banish these fumblers and give them no fee,
Because they cant cure us with Lango Lee.
Your green tea and coffee they now lay aside,
And merrily, merily join with me;
In closets and corners we frequently hide,
When I play them that tune called Lango Lee,
Lango Lee! there is not such another,
And if you have that, oh! offer no other;
For gold rings and jewels are trifles we see,
Pshaw! nothing compared to my Lango Lee.

The GREENWICH PENSIONER.

'TWAS in the good ſhip Rover,
I ſailed the world around,
And for three years and over
I never touched Britiſh ground;
At length in England landed,
I left the roaring main,
Found all relations ſtranded,
And went to ſea again.
That time bound ſtraight to Portugal
Right fore and aft we bore,
And when we made Cape Ortegal,
A gale blew off the ſhore;
She lay ſo did it ſhock her,
A log upon the main,
Till ſaved from Davy's locker,
We put to ſea again
Next in a frigate ſailing,
Upon a ſqually night,
Thunder and lightning hailing,
The horrors of the fight
My precious limb was lopped off,
And when they eaſed my pain
Thanked God I was not popped off,
And went to ſea again.
Yet ſtill I am enabled,
To bring up in life's rear,
Altho I'm quite diſabled,
And lie in Greenwich tier;

The King, God bleſs his Royalty,
Who ſaved me from the main,
I'll praiſe with love and loyalty,
But never to ſea again

YOUGHAL HARBOUR,

AT Youghal Harbour on a Sunday morning,
I met my darling on the way,
She ſung ſo charming which did rejoice me
That I thought her the Queen of may,
I did enfold her in my arms,
Her lips like coral I did embrace,
She ſays kind Sir don't ſtain my garment,
I'll find them joys with you a married dame,
I vow in honeſty my hopeful boſy,
I have at home no married dame,
And if alongſt with me you go to Youghal
You'll ſee my ſporting ſweet dwelling place,
All ſorts of Merchandize are in my ſtore-houſe.
Its then I'll cloath you with rich array.
And open cellars of wine and porter,
And we'll repoſe to the break of day.

I find quick prromiſes are ſlow performers.
Which I always did hear and ſee,
If you obey me by holy order,
To be your darling I will then agree,
To come along with me to ſee my parents,
To the holder of Capper Quin,
As your a batchelor a match we'll form,
Before its morning when you are ſeen,
Her countenance was ſo engaging,
That I earnestly did agree,
To go along with her to priest or deacon,
And then we ſeated beneath a tree,
And with pleaſure we ſpent that day,
Reanimating on a pleaſant green,
Till ſhe forgot to aſk me the way.
To Youghal pleaſant or to Capper Quin.
Since our careſſing is near being over,
Here alone ſince the break of day.
And my poor virginity I brought from home,
To it I own I did find the way,
I hope your promiſes you'll not diſown,
When we go to my parents place,
Where you'll be welcome to wife and portion,
And ever more to live in peace.
Unto the Rector we went next day,
For a diſpenſation as they believed,
And whilst diſcourſing in his chamber,
Informed means to make off with ſpeed,
The maiden flowers of this ſilly female,
I did obtain on a pleaſant green,
So now I value neither priest or deacon,
Or yet the fair maid of Capper Quin.

The BIRKS of INNERMAY.

THE ſmiling morn, the breathing ſpring,
Invite the tuneful birds to ſing,
And while they warble on each ſpray,
Love melts the univerſal lay,
Let us Amanda timely wiſe,
Like them employ the hour that flies
And in ſoft raptures waſte the day,
Amidſt the Birks of Innermay.
Soon wears the ſummer of the year
And age like winter will appear.
Like this thy lovely bloom will fade,
As that doth ſtrip the verdant ſhade,
Our taſte for pleaſure then is o'er,
The feathered ſongſters charm no more
And as they droop ſo we decay,
Adieu ye Birks of Innermay.

FINIS.